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Dekker, Thos

Ø30RS
1901
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THOMAS DEKKER'S MOST RARE VOLUME OF VERSE

162 DEKKER, THOMAS. Canaan's Calamitie Jerusalems Miserie; or, The Dolefull Destruction of faire Jerusalem by Tytus, the Sonne of Vespasian . . *Small 4to, morocco, g. e., by Riviere.* Thomas Bayly, 1618. $550.00

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CANAANS CALAMITIE

Ieruſalems Miſery,

OR

The dolefull deſtruction of faire Ieruſalem by TITVS, the Sonne of *Vaſpaſian Emperour of* Rome, *in the yeare of* Chriſts *Incarnation* 74.

Wherein is ſhewed the woonderfull miſeries which *God brought vpon that Citty for ſinne, being vtterly* ouer-throwne and deſtroyed by Sword, *peſtilence and famine.*

AT LONDON,

¶ Printed for *Thomas Bayly*, and are to be ſould at *the corner-ſhop in the middle rowe in* Holborne, neere adioyning vnto *Staple Inne*.

1618.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL

M. Richard Kingſmill Eſquier, Iuſtice of peace *and Quorum in the Countie of Southampton, and* Surveyer of her Maieſties Courtes of Wardes *and Liveries. All proſperitie and happines.*

HAuing (Right worſhipfull) often heard of your extraordinary favour, ſhewed in the depth of extremitie, to ſome poore freindes of mine, remayning in your pleaſant Lordſhip of *High-cleere*: by meanes whereof, they haue had no ſmall comfort for the recouerie of their wiſhed deſire: I haue been ſtudious how I might in ſome meaſure declare both their thankfulneſſe and mine owne for ſo great a good. But ſuch is our weake abillity that we cannot requite the leaſt poynt of that life prolonging kindnes, which the riches of your courteſie did yeeld: nevertheleſſe to make apparent, that our poore eſtates ſhall not obſcure, or clowd with ingratitude, the well intending thoughts of our hearts: I haue preſumed to preſent to your worſhip this little booke, an vnfaigned token of our good affection, hoping that like the Princely *Pertian* you will more reſpect the good will then the gift, which I confeſſe farre vnworthy ſo worthy a Patron in reſpect of the ſimple handling of ſo excellent a matter: But a playne ſtile doth beſt become plaine truth, for a trifling fable hath moſt neede of a pleaſant pen. Wherefore if it ſhall pleaſe your Worſhip to eſteeme of my ſimple labour, and to let this paſſe vnder your favorable protection, I ſhall haue the end of my deſire. And reſting thus in hope of your worſhips courteſie, I ceaſe wiſhing you all hearts content in this life, and in the world to come eternall felicitie.

Your worſhips moſt humblie affectionate:
T. D.

To the Gentlemen Readers health.

GEntlemen, *I present you heere with the mourning song of* Ierusalems *sorrow: whose destruction was Prophesied by our Lord Iesus Christ, while he lived among them: notwithstanding they neither regarded, nor beleeved his words. And after they had in the mallice of their hearts compact his death, and that the Iudge sought to cleare himselfe of so foule a crime: The curssed* Iewes *cryed with one consent saying:* his blood be on vs, and on e our children. *Which wicked wish of theirs the Lord brought to passe within a short time after, as in this following Historie you shall perceiue. At what time both Cittie and Temple was brought to vtter confusion: the misery whereof was so extreame as the like was never before, nor since: And you shall perceiue that this destruction came vpon them in the time of their greatest prosperitie, when their gould and Treasure most abounded, when pride excelled, and that the people were bent to all wantonnes. Such was their daintinesse and delicasie, that they could not devise, with what meate they might best please their nice stomacks, wishing for better bread then could be made of Wheate: abusing in such sort, the blessings of God (which was in great abundance bestowed vpon them that being glutted with to much wealth and plentie, they loathed every thing that bore not an high price: casting scornefull eyes vpon Gods great blessings: but in reading this Historie, you shall see how soone their state was changed, and the great plangs that followed their peuish and hatefull pride: by whose wofull fall, God graunt vs and all Christians to take example least following them in the like sinne, we feele the like smart.* Vale.

Yours in all courtesie. T. D.

A deſcription of Ieruſalem *and the Riches thereof.*

LIke to a Mourner clad in dolefull black,
That ſadly ſits to heare a heauie tale:
So muſt my pen proceed to ſhew the wrack,
That did with terror *Syon* hill aſſaile.
What time *Ieruſalem* that Cittie faire,
Was ſieg'd and ſackt by great *Veſpatians* heire.

A noble Iew *Ioſephus* writes the ſtorie.
Of all the ſtories euer yet recited,
Neuer could any make the mind more ſorie,
Than that which he ſo dolefully indighted:
Which ſets in ſight how for abhomination.
That goodly Citty came to deſolation.

In all the world the like might not be ſeene.
To this faire Citty famous to behole,
A thouſand Towers ſtood there the ſtreetes between,
Whoſe carued ſtones great cunning did vnfold:
The buildings all, ſo ſtately fine and rare,
That with Ieruſalem no place might compare.

In mid'ſt whereof the glorious Temple ſtood,
Which *Nehemia* had ſo faire erected,
Whoſe Timber worke was all of precious wood,
By Gods appointment wounderouſly effected:
Where all the People came with one accord,
And offered ſacrifice, vnto the Lord.

Three ſtately walles begirt this Citty round,
Strongly raild vp of gallant ſquared ſtone,
Vnpoſſible in fight foes ſhould them confound,
By warlike Engines ſeized therevpon.
The ſpacious gates moſt glorious to behold,
Were all gilt ouer, with rich burniſht gould.

Aud round about *Ieruſalem* likewiſe.
Were pleaſant walkes prepard for recreation,
Sweet daintie gardens feeding gazers eyes,
With workes of wonder and high admiration,
Where in the midſt of ſweeteſt ſmelling flowers,
They built for pleaſure, many pleaſant bowers.

In treaſures ſtore this Citty did excell,
For pompe and pride it was the onely place,
In her alone did richeſt Marchants dwell,
And famous Princes ſprung of Royall race:
And fairer Dames did nature neuer frame,
Then in that Citty dwelt and thither came.

Chriſts Propheſie of the deſtruction *of this Cittie and how it came to paſſe accordingly* within Forty yeares after, ſhewing the cauſe that *moued the Emperour to come againſt it.*

Our

OF IERVSALEM.

OVr Sauiour Chriſt tracing the bordring hilles,
When he on this faire Cittie caſt his eye
The teares along his roſiall cheekes diſtilles:
Mourning for their deſtruction drawing nie.
O *Ieruſalem Ieruſalem* quoth hee,
My heart bewailes thy great calamitie.

The time ſhall come and neere it is at hand,
When furious foes ſhall trench thee round about,
And batter downe thy Towers that ſtately ſtand,
All thy ſtrong holds within thee and without:
Thy golden buildings ſhall they quite confound,
And make thee equall with the lowly ground.

O woe to them that then giues ſucke he ſayes,
And lulles their Infants on their tender knees,
More woe to them that be with child thoſe dayes,
Wherein ſhalbe ſuch extreame miſeryes: (bin wiſe
Thou mightſt haue ſhund theſe plagues hadſt thou
Which now for ſinne is hidden from thy eyes.

This dreadfull Propheſie ſpoken by our Lord,
The ſtubborne people naught at all regarded,
Whoſe Adamantine heartes did ſtill accord,
To follow ſinne, whhich was with ſhame rewarded:
They flouted him for telling of this ſtorie,
And crucifid e inſpite the Lord of glorie.

Re-

Reprochfully they fleered in his face,
That wept for them in tender true compaſſion,
They wrought his death and did him all diſgrace,
That ſought their life, and waild their deſolation:
Their hardened heartes beleeu'd not what was ſaid,
Vntill they ſaw the ſiege about them layd.

Full fortie yeares after Chriſtes paſſion,
Did theſe proud people liue in peace and reſt,
Whoſe wanton eyes ſeeing no alteration,
Chriſts words of truth, they turned to a ieſt:
But when they thought themſelues the ſureſt of all,
Lo then began their neuer raiſed fall.

Their mounting minds that towred paſt their ſtrength
Scorning ſubiection to the *Romaine* ſtate,
In boyling hatred loath'd their Lords at length,
Diſpis'd the Emperour with a deadly hate:
Reiecting his authoritie each howre,
Sought to expell the pride of forraine power.

Which foule contẽpt the Emperours wrath inflam'd,
Mightie *Veſpatian* hot reueng did threat,
But all in vaine they would not be reclaim'd,
Relying on their ſtrength and courage great:
And hereupon began the deadly iarre,
And after followed bloody wofull warre,

The ſignes and tokens ſhewed before the deſtruction, alluring the Iewes to repentance, and their little regard thereof, interpreting all things to be for the beſt, flattering themſelues in their ſinnes.

YEt marke the mercy of our gracious God,
Before the grieuous ſcourge to them was ſent,
That they might ſhun his heauie ſmarting rod,
And hartely their filthy faultes repent:
Strange ſignes and wonders did he ſhew them ſtill,
Fore-runners of their ruine woe, and ill.

For one whole yeare as well by day as night,
A blazing ſtarre appeared in the skie,
Whoſe buſhie tayle was ſo excelling bright,
It dim'd the glory of the ſunns faire eye,
And euery one that on this obiect gazed,
At ſight thereof ſtood wonderous ſore amazed.

In right proportion it reſembled well,
A ſharp two edged ſword of mighty ſtrength,
The percing poynt a needle did excell,
And ſure it ſeem'd a miracle for length:
So ſtrange a ſtarre before was neuer ſeene,
And ſince that time the like hath neuer been.

And ouer right that goodly famous Cittie,
Hung ſtill this dreadfull apparition, (ty,
Which might haue mou'd had they bin gracious wit-
For outward follies, inward hearts contrition:
And neuer did that wonder change his place,
But ſtill *Ieruſalem* with woe menace.

The wondring people neuer lookt thereon,
But their miſtruſting heart ſuſpected much,
Saying great plagues would follow thereupon,
Such priuie motions did their conſcience touch:
But other-ſome would ſay it was not ſo,
But ſigne that they their foes would ouerthrow:

Thinke not quoth they that Iacobs God will leaue,
The bleſſed ſeed of *Abraham* in diſtreſſe,
Firſt ſhall his Sword the heathens liues bereaue,
As by this token he doth plaine expreſſe,
His fierie ſword ſhall ſhield this holy towne,
And heaw in heapes the proudeſt *Romans* downe.

Thus flattered they themſelues in ſinfull ſort,
Their harts were hard, their deepeſt iudgmẽts blinded
What godly teachers did to them report,
They ſoone forgot, ſuch things they neuer minded:
Their chiefeſt ſtudy was delight and pleaſure,
And how they might by all meanes gather treaſure

Men would haue thought this warning had bin faire,
When God his ſtandard gainſt them did aduance,
His flagge of Iuſtice waued in the ayre,
And yet they count it, but a thing of chance:
This bad them yeild, and from their ſinnes conuart,
But they would not till ſorrow made them ſmart.

Then in the ayre God ſhewed another wonder,
When azurd skies were brighteſt faire and cleere,
An hoaſt of armed men, like dreadfull thunder,
With hidious clamours, fighting did appeare:
And at each other eagerly they ran,
With burniſht Falchions murdering many a man.

And marching fiercely in their proud aray,
Their wrathfull eyes did ſparkle like the fier,
Or like inraged Lyons for their pray,
So did they ſtriue, in nature and deſire:
That all the plaine wherein they fighting ſtood,
Seem'd to mens ſight all ſtaind with purple blood.

This dreadfull token many men amazed,
When they beheld the vncouth ſight ſo ſtrange,
On one another doubtfully they gazed,
With fearefull lookes their coulour quite did change:
Yet all, they did interpret to the beſt,
Thinking themſelues aboue all other bleſt.

The conquering ſort that did with warlike hand,
Suppreſſe the other in the bloudy field,
Declares quoth they that *Iudaes* ſacred band,
Shall make vnhallowed *Romaines* die or yeeld:
And ouer them we ſhall haue honour great,
That proudly now vſurpes King Davids ſeat.

See how the Divell doth ſinfull ſoules beguile,
Filling the ſame with vaine imagination,
Thinking themſelves cock-ſure, when al the while,
They ſtand vpon the brink of deſolation:
All faithfull Chriſtians warning take by this,
Interpret not Gods fearfull ſignes amiſſe.

Yet loe the Lord would not giue ouer ſo,
But to convert them, if that it might bee,
Hee doth proceed more wonders yet to ſhow;
All to reclayme them from iniquitie:
That ſo he might remoue his plagues away,
Which threatned their deſtruction every day.

The Temple gates all made of ſhining braſſe,
Whoſe maſſie ſubſtance was exceeding great,
Which they with yron barres each night did croſſe,
And lockt with brazen bolts, which made them ſweat,
Did of themſelues ſtart open and vndoe,
Which twenty men of might could ſcant put to.

Vpon a day moſt high and feſtiuall,
The high Prieſt went after a ſacred manner,
Into the glorious Temple moſt maieſticall,
To offer ſacrifice their God to honour:
What time the Lord a wonder did declare,
To all mens ſight, prodigious, ſtrange, and rare.

A goodly *Calfe* prepar'd for ſacrifice,
And layd vpon the holy Alter there,
Brought forth a *Lambe* moſt plaine before their eyes,
Which filled ſome mens hearts with ſodaine feare:
And ſore perplext the paſſions of their mind,
To ſee a thing ſo farre againſt all kind.

Soone after this they heard a wailefull voice,
Which in the Temple ſhreeking thus did ſay,
Let vs go hence, and no man heere reioyce,
Thus figuring foorth their ruine and decay,
All men did heare theſe ſpeeches very plaine,
But ſaw nothiug, nor knew from whence it came.

And foure yeares ſpace before the bloody fight,
One *Ananias* had a youthfull ſonne,
Which like a Prophet cried day and night
About the ſtreets as he did go and runne:
Shewing the people without dread at all,
Moſt wofull plagues ſhould on the Cittie fall.

And in this ſort began his dolefull cry:
A fearefull voyce proceedeth from the Eaſt,
And from the Weſt, as great a voyce did fly,
A voyce likewiſe from bluſtering winds addreſt:
A voyce vpon *Ieruſalem* ſhall goe,
A voyce vpon the Temple full of woe.

A mournefull voyce on wretched man and wife,
A voyce of ſorrow on the people all,
Woe and deſtruction, mortall war and ſtriſe,
Bitter pinching famine, miſery and thrall:
In euery place theſe threatnings ſtill he had,
Running about like one diſtraught and mad.

With lofty voyce thus ran he through the towne,
Nor day and night did he his clamours ceaſe,
No man could make him lay theſe threatnings downe
By no intreaty would he hould his peace:
Although he was in Dungeon deeply layd,
Yet there his cryes did make them more afraid.

The Maieſtrates that moſt forbad his crie:
And ſaw his bouldneſſe more and more ariſe,
With grieuous ſcourges whipt him bitterly,
Yet came no teares out of his pleaſant eyes:
The more his ſtripes, the higher went his voyce.
In ſoreſt torment did he moſt reioyce.

But when the *Iewes* perceau'd how he was bent,
And that their eares were cloyed with his cries,
They counted it but ſportfull merriment,
A nine dayes wonder that in ſhort time dyes:
So that a freſh their follies they begin,
And for his ſpeech they paſſed not a pin.

But as the holy Scriptures doe bewray,
To dainty cheere they iocondly ſat downe,
And well refreſht, they roſe againe to play,
In ſmiling ſort when God did fircely frowne:
And neuer more to mirth were they diſpoſed,
Then when the Lord his wrath to them diſcloſed.

¶ *The tydings brought of the enimies appoach, and the feare of the citizens: their proviſiō of victuals for twenty yeares burnt in one night, by one of their owne captaines, of meere malice, which cauſed a ſodaine dearth to follow: their ſeditiō and diuiſiō betweene thēſelues while the cittie was beſieged.*

BVt whilſt that they their ſugred Iunkets taſted,
Vnto the Citty came a tyred poſt,
Full weake and wearie, and with trauell waſted,
Who brought thē word their foes were on their coaſt:
Which whē they knew, their merriments were daſhed
Theſe dolefull newes made them full ſore abaſhed.

There

Three Cipres Tables then to ground they throw,
Their ſiluer diſhes, and their cups of gould,
For haſte to meet the proud inuading foe,
Feare mak es them mad, but courage makes thē bould:
And to defend the brunt of future harmes,
They leaue their Ladies and imbrace their Armes.

Inſtead of Lutes and ſweete reſounding Vials,
They ſound the Trumpet and the ratling drum,
Their barbed Steeds they put to diuers tryals,
How they can manage, ſtop, carrie, and run:
Their cunning harpers now muſt harneſſe beare,
Their nimble dauncers war-like weapons weare,

But ere their wrathfull foes approached neere,
The ſtore-houſes the Gouerners did fill,
With wholſome victuals which for twenty yeare
Would ſerue two hundred thouſand caſt by bill,
But all the ſame by one ſeditious Squire
Was in one night conſumd with flaming fire.

For why the Citti zens to diſcord fell,
So giddy headed were they alwaies found,
And in their rage like furious fiends of hell,
In murdering ſort they did each other wound:
And when they entred in this diuelliſh ſtrife,
They ſpared neither Infant, man, nor wife.

Into three parts the people were deuided,
And one againſt an other hatred bore,
The chiefeſt ſort ſedicioufly were guided,
Whereby vneiuell mutines vext them ſore:
So that the ſorrow of the forreine warre,
Was nothing to their bloody ciuill iarre.

And ſo malicious did their rancor riſe,
That they the holy Temple did defile,
All ſuch as came to offer ſacrifice,
They murdered ſtraight, remorce they did exile:
The Sacrificer with the ſacrifice,
Both bath'd in blood, men ſaw before their eyes.

Thus did they make the ſacred Temple there,
The ſlaughter houſe of many a humane ſoule,
So that the marble pauement euery where,
was blacke with blood like to a butchers bowle:
And with the fat of men ſo ſlippery made,
That there for falling, none could goe vnſtayd.

And by this wicked meanes it came to paſſe,
The ſtreets and temple full of dead-men lay,
With wounds putrified, where buriall was,
Which rais'd a grieuous peſtilence that day:
So hot, and fell, that thereof dyed a number,
Whoſe foule infection all the towne did cumber.

And that which was more heauie to behold,
As men and woemen paſt along the ſtreet:
Their weeping eyes did to their hearts vnfold,
A mappe of Murder at their trembling feete
Some ſaw their Fathers fetching deadly groanes,
Some their Husbands braines ſcattered on the ſtõcs

Here lay a woman ſtabbed to the heart,
There a tender Infant one a ſouldiers ſpeare,
Strugling with death, and ſprawling with each part:
The channels ran with purple blood each wheare
A thouſand perſons might you daily ſee,
Some gaſping, groaning bleeding freſh to bee.

Lo, all this miſchiefe was within the towne
Wrought twixt thẽſelues in wonderous hateſull ſort,
While noble *Tytus* beat their bulwarkes downe,
And at their walles did ſhew them warlike ſport:
But by diſtreſſe to bring them vnto thrall,
He brake their pipes, and ſtopt their cundits all.

OF IERVSALEM.

¶ A deſcription of the horrible Famine within *the Cittie of Ieruſalem.*

FOr true report ruug in his royall eares,
That bitter Famine did afflict them ſore,
Which was the cauſe of many bitter teares,
And he to make their miſerie the more,
Depriu'd them quit of all their water cleere,
Which in their want they did eſteeme ſo deere.

Alack, what pen is able to expreſſe?
The extreame miſerie of this people then?
Which were with Famine brought to great diſtreſſe,
For cruell hunger vext the welthieſt men:
When night approacht, well might they lye & winke,
But cold not ſleepe for want of meat and drinke.

For by this time full Fourteene monthes and more,
Had warlike *Titus* ſieg'd that famous towne,
What time the *Iewes* had quite conſum'd their ſtore,
And being ſtaru'd, like Ghoſts went vp and downe:
For in the markets were no victuals found,
Though for a *Lambe*, they might haue twenty pound.

When bread was gone, then was he counted bleſt,
That in his hand had either cat or dogge,
To fill his emptie maw: and thus diſtreſt,
A dozen men would fight for one poore frogge,
The faireſt Lady lighting one a mouce,
Would keepe it from her beſt friend in the houſe.

A weazell was accounted daynty meate,
A hiſſing ſnake eſteem'd a Princes diſh,
A Queene vpon a moule might ſeeme to eate,
A veanom neawt was thought a wholeſome fiſh:
Wormes from the earth, were dig'd vp great & ſmall,
And poyſoned ſpiders eaten from the wall.

A hundred men vnder this gricuous croſſe,
With hunger-ſtarued bodies wanting food,
Haue for a morſell of a ſtinking horſe,
In deadly ſtrife, ſhed one an others blood:
Like famiſht Rauens, that in a ſhole doe pitch,
To ſeaze a caryon in a noyſome ditch.

But when theſe things, were all conſumed quite,
(For famines greedy mawe deſtroyeth all,)
Then did they bend, their ſtudy day and night,
To ſee what next vnto their ſhare might fall:
Neceſſitie doth ſeeke an hundred wayes,
Famines fell torment from the heart to rayſe.

Then

Then did they take their horſes leather raignes,
And broyling them ſuppos'd thē wonderous ſweete,
A hungry ſtomack naught at all refraines,
Nor did they ſpare their ſhooes vpon their feete:
But ſhooes, and bootes, and buskins, all they eate,
And would not ſpare one morſell of their meate.

But out alas my heart doth ſhake to ſhow, (made,
When theſe things fail'd, what ſhift theſe wretches
Without ſalt teares how ſhould I write their woe,
Sith ſorrowes ground-worke in the ſame is layd:
All Engliſh hearts which Chriſt in armes doe hem
Marke well the woes of fayre *Ieruſalem*.

When all was ſpent, and nothing left to eate,
Whereby they might maintaine their feeble life,
Then doth the wife her husband deere intreat,
To end her miſery by his wounding knife:
Maides weepe for foode, & children make their moāe,
Their parents ſigh when they can giue them none.

Some men with hunger falleth raging mad,
Gnawing the ſtones and timber where they walke,
Some other ſtaggering, weake and wonderous ſad,
Dyes in the ſtreetes, as with their friends they talke?
And other ſome licks vp the vomit faſt,
Which their ſick neighbours in their houſes caſt.

Nay more then this, though this be all to much,
Iosephus writes, that men and maidens young
The which of late did ſcorne brown-bread to touch,
Suſtain'd themſelues with one an others doong.
Remember this you that ſo dainty bee,
And praiſe Gods name for all things ſent to thee.

All things were brought by famine out of frame,
For modeſt Chaſtitie to it gaue place,
High honoured Virgins that for very ſhame,
Would hardly looke on men with open face,
One bit of beead neuer ſo courſe and browne,
Would winne them to the fouleſt knaue in towne.

¶ The ſeditious Captaines *Schimion* & *Iehocanã* ſearch *all the houſes in the Citty for victuals, they take from a noble* Lady *all her prouiſion, leauing her and her* Sonne *comfortleſſe, ſhewing the great moane ſhe made.*

THe curſt ſeditious Captaines and their cruc,
When they perceiu'd the famine grow ſo great,
In all mens houſes would they ſearch, and view,
In euery corner both for bread and meat:
If any did their bould requeſt denie,
On murdering ſwords they were right ſure to dye.

Among

Among the reſt where theya ſearching went,
Vnto v gallant Ladyes houſe they came,
And there before her victuals quite was ſpent,
With hardened hearts, and faces void of ſhame:
They tooke her ſtore with many a bitter threat,
And left her not one bit of bread to eate.

The noble Lady on her tender knees,
With floods of teares diſtilling from her eyes,
Their crueltie when ſhe ſo plainely ſees,
In mournefull ſort vnto them thus ſhe cries:
Vpon a wofull Lady take ſome pittie,
And let not famine ſlay me in this Cittie.

Of all the ſtore which you haue tooke away,
Leaue on browne loafe, for my poore child and me:
That we may eat but one bit in a day,
To ſaue our liues from extreame miſery.
Thus holding vp her lillie hands ſhe cried,
The more ſhe crau'd the more ſhe was denied.

If you quoth ſhe cannot afforp me bread,
One dried ſtock-fiſh doe one me beſtow,
For my poore Infants life I greatly dread,
If thus diſtreſt you leaue me when you goe:
Braue men of might, ſhew pittie for his ſake,
And I thereof a thouſand meales will make.

O call

O call to minde my childe is nobly borne,
Of honorable blood and high degree,
Then leaue vs not braue Captaines thus forlorne,
Your countries friend one day this child may bee:
O let me not this gentle fauour misse,
I may one day requite far more then this.

Then answered they in harsh and churlish sort,
Tut tell not vs of honourable state,
And if thou wilt we'l cut thy Infants throat,
So shall he neede no meate, then cease to prate:
Men must haue meate, let children dye and starue,
Yf we want foode, in warres how can we serue.

With bended browes they stroue to get away
But she vpon her knees did follow fast,
And taking hould on their confus'd aray,
This sad complaint from her hearts pallace past:
Renouned Lords, our Cities sure defence,
O let me speake once more, ere you goe hence.

Yf you lack money, see I haue good store,
Wherein great *Cesars* Image is portrayde,
Therefore of gift, I will demaund no more,
To buy me some foode, let me not be denayd.
For fiue red herriugs, ten Crownes shall you haue,
Ile pay it downe, with vantage if you craue.

That

That damned coyne quoth they wee doe deteſt,
And therewithall thy ſelfe, which all this while,
Haſt kept our foes foule picture in thy cheſt,
Which ſeekes this holy Citty to defile:
Thou getſt no foode, and therefore hold thy toungue
Hang, ſtarue, & dye, thou canſt not dye more young.

O pardon yet (quoth ſhe) my earneſt ſpeech,
Doe not my words to poyſon ſo conuert,
Take heere my chaine, I humbly doe beſeech,
Of pearle and Diamonds for one ſilly ſprat:
One ſprat (ſweete men) caſt vpon the ground,
For this faire chaine, which coſt a thouſand pound.

Talke not to vs, quoth they of Iems and chaines,
Of Diamonds, Pearls or precious rings of Gould,
One ſprat to vs is ſweeter gotten gaines,
Then ſo much ſiluer, as this houſe can hold:
Gould is but droſſe, where hunger is ſo great,
Hard hap hath hee, that hath but gould to eate.

With that the teſtie Soukdiers get them out,
Proud of the purchaſt pray which they had got,
The woefull Lady e did they mocke and flout,
Her plaints and teares regarding not a iott:
Shee ſighes they ſmile, ſhe mournes, and they reioyce,
And of their pray they make an equall choyce,

But Megar famine couetous of all,
Enuying thoſe that ſhould thereof haue part,
In ſharing out there purchaſſe bread a brawle,
Wherein one ſtabd the other to the heart:
This fellow ſaid the other did deceiue him,
He ſwore againe enough they did not leaue him.

Lo thus about the victuals they did fight,
Looke who was ſtrongeſt bore away the prize,
And for a cruſt of bread, in dead of night,
They cut their Fathers throats in wofull wiſe:
The mother would her childrens victuals ſnatch,
And from his wife, the husband he did catch.

¶ How the noble *Lady* and her young *Sonne* went to *out the dung of beaſts to eate, being ready to dye with hunger, and could finde none: ſhewing what moane they made comming home without,*

BVt now of *Miriams* ſorrow will I ſpeake,
Whom the ſeditious Souldiers ſo diſtreſt,
Her noble heart with girfe was like to breake,
No kind of foode had ſhe, then to reliue her,
With gnawing hunger was ſhe, ſore oppreſt
Nor for her child: which moſt of all did grieue her.

Alas:

Alas quoth ſhee that euer I was borne,
To ſee theſe gloomie daies of griefe and care,
whome this falſe world hath mede an open ſcorne,
Fraught full of miſerie paſſing all compare:
Bleſt had I been it in the painefull birth,
I had receiu'd ſweete ſentence of my death.

Why hath the partiall heauens prolong'd my life,
Aboue a number of my deereſt friends,
Whoſe bleſſed ſoules did neuer ſee the ſtrife,
How happy were they in their happy ends:
Great God of *Abraham* heare my mournefull crie,
Soone rid my life or end this miſerie.

With that her little ſonne with eager looke,
Vnto his wofull mother crying came,
His pretty hands faſt hold vpon her tooke,
Whoſe preſence brought, her praying out of frame:
And to his Mother thus the child did ſay,
Giue mee ſome meate, that eat nothing to day.

I am (deere Mother) hungry at the heart,
And ſcalding thirſt, makes me I cannot ſpeake,
I feele my ſtrength decay in euery part,
One bit of bread, for me good Mother breake,
My leſſon I haue learnd, where you did lay it,
Then giue me ſome what: you ſhall heere me ſay it.

The ſighing Ladie looking quite a-ſide,
With many ſobs ſent from her wofull ſoule,
Wroung both her hands, but not one word replide,
Sighes ſtopt her toung, teares did her tongue cõtroul,
Sweete Lady mother, mother ſpeake (quoth he?)
O let me not with hunger murdered bee.

Deere child ſhe ſaid, what wouldſt thou haue of me?
Art thou a thirſt, then come and drinke my teares,
For other ſuccour haue I none for thee,
The time hath been, I could haue giueu thee peares:
Roſe coulered apples, cherries for my child,
But now alas, of all wee are beguild.

But come quoth ſhe, giue me thy little finger,
And thou and I will to the back-yard goe,
And there ſeeke out a Cow-cake for thy dinner,
How ſaiſt thou ſonne art thou contented ſo?
The ioyfull child did hereat giue a ſmile,
When both his eyes with water ran the while.

Then vp and downe with warie ſearching eye,
In euery place for beaſts dung doth ſhe ſeeke,
As if a long loſt Iewell there did lye,
Clole hidden in ſome narrow chink or creeke:
When ſhe lookt and nought at all had found,
Then downe ſhe coucheth on the ſluttiſh ground.

And with her faire white fingers fine and ſmall,
She ſcrapes away the duſt and draffe togeather,
and ſo doth ſearch through out the Oxes ſtall,
For dung or hoofes, or ſome old peece of leather:
But when in vaine her paines ſhe did beſtow,
She paid her heart the intereſt of her woe.

And lifting vp with ſorow her bright eyes,
She cald her little Sonne to come away,
Who ſought as faſt for ſpiders, wormes and flies,
As ſhe for Ordure mongſt the mouldy hay,
O ſtay a while good mother did he cry,
For heere euen now I did a maggot ſpie.

At which ſweete ſight my teeth did water yet,
Euen as you cald, ſhe fell her in the duſt,
An hower were well ſpent, this prize to get,
To let her ſlip, I thinke I was accurſt:
My hungry ſtomacke, well it would haue ſtayd,
And I haue loſt her I am ſore affraid.

I, I, my Sonne, it may be ſo (quoth ſhee,)
Then come away: let vs togeather dye,
Our luckleſſe ſtarres alots it ſo to be,
Peace my ſweete boy, alack why doſt thou cry,
Had I found any thing, thou ſhouldſt haue ſeen,
That therewithall we would haue merry been,

Then be thou ſtill (my ſonne) and weepe no more,
For with my teares, thou kilſt my wounded heart,
Thy neede is great, my hunger is as ſore,
Which grieues my ſoule, and pinches euery part:
Yet hope of helpe alack I know not any,
Without, within, our foes they are ſo many.

Deare mother heare me one word and no moe,
See heere my foote ſo ſlender in your ſight,
Giue me but leaue to eate my little toe,
No better ſupper will I aske to night:
Or elſe my thumbe: a morſell ſmall you ſee,
And theſe two ioynts, me thinks may ſpared be.

My ſonne quoth ſhe great are thy cares God wot,
To haue thy hungry ſtomack fil'd with food,
Yet all be it we haue ſo hard a lot,
Diſmember not thy ſelfe for any good:
No brutiſh beaſt, will doe ſo foule a deede,
Then doe not thou gainſt nature ſo proceed.

But O my ſonne, what ſhall I doe quoth ſhe;
My griefe of hunger is as great as thine,
And ſure no hope of comfort doe I ſee,
But we muſt yeild our ſelues to ſtarue and pine:
The wrath of God doth ſiege the Citty round,
And we within fell famine doth confound.

The ſword without, intends our deſolation,
Conſuming peſtilence deſtroyeth heere within,
Ciuell diſſention breedes our hearts vexation,
The angry heauens, the ſame hath ſent for ſinne,
Murders, and ruine through our ſtreetes doe run,
Then how can I feede thee, my louing ſonne?

Yf pale fac't famine take away my life,
Why then, with whome ſhould I truſt thee my ſonen
Far heer's no loue, but hate and deadly ſtrife,
Woe is that child, whoſe parents dayes are done:
One thee ſweete boy no perſon would take pitty,
For milde compaſſion, hath forſooke the citty.

Once I retaynd, this ioyfull hope of thee,
When ripened yeares, brought thee to mans eſtate,
That thou ſhouldſt be a comfort vnto me,
Feeding my age, when youthfull ſtrength did bate:
And haue my meate my drinke and cloth of thee,
Fit for a *Lady* of ſo high degree.

And when the ſpan length, of my life was done,
That God and nature, claim'd of me their due,
My hope was then, that thou my louing Sonne,
In Marble ſtone, my memorie ſhould renew:
And bring my corpes, with honour to the graue,
The lateſt dutie, men of children craue,

But

But now I ſee (my ſweete and bonny boy)
This hope is fruitleſſe, and theſe thoughts are vaine,
I ſee grim death, hath ſeaz'd my earthly ioy,
For famines dart hath thee already ſlaine:
Thy hollow eyes and wrinckled cheekes declare,
Thou art not markt, to be thy Fathers heire.

Looke on thy legges, ſee all thy fleſh is gone,
Thy rollie thighes, are fallen quite away,
Thy armes and handes, nothing but skin, and bone
How weake thy heart is, thou thy ſelfe canſt ſay:
I haue no foode, to ſtrengthen thee (my child,)
And heere thy buriall would be too too vilde.

Wherefore my Sonne leaſt vgly Rauens and Crowes,
Should eate thy carcaſſe in the ſtincking ſtreetes,
Thereby to be a ſcorne vnto our foes,
And gaule to me, that gaue thee many ſweets:
I haue prepaird, this my vnſpotted wombe,
To be for thee an honourable Tombe.

Then ſith thou canſt not liue to be a man,
What time thou mightſt haue fed thy aged mother,
Therefore my child it lyes thee now vpon,
To be my foode, becauſe I haue no other:
With my one blood, long time I nouriſht thee,
Then with thy fleſh, thou oughtſt to cheriſh mee.

Within this wombe thou firſt receiuedſt breath,
Then giue thy mother, that which ſhe gaue thee,
Here hadſt thou life, then lye here after death,
Sith thou hadſt beene, ſo welbeloude of me:
In ſpight of foes, be thou my dayly food,
And ſaue my life, that can doe thee no good,

In bleſſed *Eden* ſhall thy ſoule remaine,
While that my belly is thy bodyes graue,
There is no taſte of famine woe or paine
But ioyes eternall, more then heart can craue:
Then who would wiſh, in ſorrow to perſeuer,
That by his death might liue in heauen for euer.

The *Lady* with hunger is conſtrayned to kill her beſt *beloued and onely* Sonne, *and eate him: whoſe body ſhe Roaſted.*

VVHen this was ſaid, her feeble child ſhe tooke,
And with a ſword which ſhe had lying by,
She thruſt him through turning away her looke,
That her wet eyes might not behold him die:
And when ſweete life was from his body fled,
A thouſand times ſhe kiſt him being dead.

His milke white body ſtaind with purple blood,
She clenſd and waſht with ſiluer dropping teares,
Which being done, ſhe wipte it as ſhe ſtood,
With nothing elſe, but her faire golden haires:
And when ſhe ſaw, his litle lims were cold,
She cut him vp, for hunger made her bold.

In many peeces did ſhe then deuide him,
Some part ſhe ſod, ſome other part ſhe roſted,
Frō neighbours ſight ſhe made great ſhift to hide him,
And of her cheere, in heart ſhe greatly boſted:
Ere it was ready, ſhe began to eate,
And from the ſpit, pluckt many bits of meate.

The ſmell of the meate is felt round about: the ſeditious Captaine thereupon came to the Lady, and threatens to kill her for meate. Whereupon the Lady, ſets part before them.

THe ſent thereof was ſtraight ſmelt round about,
The neighbour then out of their houſes ran,
Saying, we ſmell roaſt-meat out of all doubt,
Which was great wonder vnto euery man:
And euery one like to a longing wife,
In that good cheer did with his ſharpeſt knife.

This

This newes ſo ſwift, in each mans mouth did flie,
The proud ſeditious, heard thereof at laſt,
Who with all ſpeed, vnto the houſe did hye,
And at the doores and windowes knocked faſt:
And with vilde words & ſpeeches rough and great,
They askt the Lady, where ſhe had that meat.

Thou wicked woman how comes this quoth they?
That thou alone haſt roaſt-meat in the towne?
While we with griping famine dye each day,
Which are your Lords, and leaders of renowne:
For this contempt, we thinke it right and reaſon,
Thou ſhouldſt be puniſht as in caſe of treaſon.

The louely Lady trembling at their ſpeech,
Fearing their bloody hands and cruell actions,
With many gentle words, did them beſeech,
They would not enter into further factions:
But liſten to her words and ſhe would tell,
The certaine truth, how euery thing befell.

Be not ſhe ſaid, at your poore hand-maid gricued,
I haue not eaten all in this hard caſe,
But that your ſelues might ſomething be relieued,
I haue kept part to giue you in this place:
Then ſit you downe, right welcome ſhall you be,
And what I haue, your ſelues ſhall taſt and ſee.

With diligence the Table then ſhe layde,
And ſiluer trenchers, on the boord ſhe ſet,
A golden ſalt, that many ounces wayde,
And Damask napkins, dainty, fine, and neate:
Her gueſts were glad to ſe this preparation,
And at the boord they ſat with contentation,

In maſſie ſiluer platters brought ſhe forth,
Her owne Sonnes fleſh whom ſhe did loue ſo deere,
Saying my maiſters take this well in worth,
I pray be merry: looke for no other cheere:
See here my childs white hand, moſt finely dreſt,
And here his foote, eate where it likes you beſt.

And doe not ſay this child was any others,
But my owne Sonne: whome you ſo well did know,
Which may ſeeme ſtrange, vnto all tender Mothers,
My owne childes fleſh, I ſhould deuoure ſo:
Him did I beare, and carefully did feed,
And now his fleſh ſuſtaines me in my need.

Yet allbeit this ſweet relieuing feaſt,
Hath deareſt beene to me that ere I made,
Yet niggardize I doe ſo much deteſt,
I thought it ſhame, but there ſhould ſome be layde,
In ſtore for you: although the ſtore be ſmall,
For they are gluttons which conſumeth all.

Herewith

Herewith ſhe burſt into a flood of teares,
Which downe her thin pale cheekes diſtilled faſt,
Her bleeding heart, no ſobs nor ſighes forbeares,
Till her weake voyce breath'd out theſe words at laſt:
O my deere Sonne, my pretty boy (quoth ſhe)
While thou didſt liue, how ſweet waſt thou to me?

Yet ſweeter farre, a thouſand times thou art,
To thy poore mother, at this inſtant howre,
My hungry ſtomake haſt thou eaſ'd of ſmart,
And kept me from the bloody Tyrants power,
And they like friends doe at my table eat,
That would haue kild me for a bit of meate.

When this was ſaid, wiping her watery eyes,
Vnto her ſelf, freſh courage then ſhe tooke,
And all her gueſts, ſhe welcom'd in this wiſe,
Caſting on them, a courteous pleaſant looke:
Be mery friends, I pray you doe not ſpare,
In all this towne, is not ſuch noble fare.

The Captaines and their company were ſo amazed *at ſight of the childs limbes being by his mother ſet vpon the table in platters, that wondring thereat, they would not eat a bite, for the which the Lady reproues them.*

THE men amazed at this vncouth ſight,
One to another caſt a ſteadfaſt eye, (ſpight
Their hard remorceleſſe hearts full fraught with
Were herewithall appalled ſodenly,
And though their extreame hunger was full great,
Like ſenceleſſe men they ſat and would not eate.

O why quoth ſhe doe you refraine this food,
I brought it forth vnto you for good wil',
Then ſcorne it not (deere friends) for it is good:
And I euen now did thereof eate my fill:
Taſt it therefore and I dare ſweare you'l ſay,
You eate no meate, more ſweete this many a day.

Hard hearted woman, cruell and vnkind
Canſt thou (quoth they) ſo frankly feed of this?
A thing more hatefull did wee neuer finde,
Then keepe it for thy tooth, loe there it is.
Moſt vild and odious is it in our eye,
Then feed on mans fleſh, rather would wee dye.

Alacke

Alack quoth ſhe, doth fooliſh pitty mooue ye,
Weaker then a womans, is your hearts become,
I pray fall too, and if that you doe loue me,
Eate where you will, and ile with you eat ſome
What greater ſhame to Captaines can befall,
Then I in courage ſhould ſurpaſſe you all,

Why, waſt not you, that did with many a threats,
Charge me with eager lookes to lay the cloth:
And as I lou'd my life to bring you meate,
And now to eate it doe you ſeeme ſo loath?
More fit I ſhould, then you, heerewith be moued,
Since twas his fleſh whom I ſo deerly loued.

It was my ſonne and not yours that is ſlaine.
Whoſe roaſted limbes lies here within the platter,
Then more then you I ought his fleſh refraine,
And ten times more be greeued at this matter,
How chance you are more mercifull then I,
To ſpare his fleſh, while you for hunger dye.

Yet blame not me for this outragious deed,
For waſt not you that firſt did ſpoyle my houſe:
And rob me of my food in my great need,
Leauing not behind a ratt or ſilly mouſe:
Then you alone are authors of this feaſt,
What need you then this action ſo deteſt:

The ſtarued *Iewes* hearing this doleſull tale,
Were at the matter ſmitten in ſuch ſadneſſe,
That man by man with viſage wan and pale,
Dropt out of dores, accuſing her of madneſſe,
And noting well, their famine, warre and ſtrife,
Wiſht rather death, than length of mortall life.

And hereupon, much people of the Citty,
Fled to the *Romaines* ſecret in the night,
Vpon their knees deſiring them for pitty
To ſaue their liues, that were in woſull plight,
And finding mercie, tolde when that was done,
How famine forc't a *Lady* eate her *Sonne*.

Tytus the Romaine Generall wept at the report of *the famine in* Ieruſalem, *eſpecially when he heard of the* Mother *that did eate her* Childe.

THe Romaine Generall hearing of the ſame,
Tytus I meane, *Veſpaſians* famous Sonne,
So grieu'd thereat, that griefe did teares conſtraine,
Which downe his manly cheekes did ſtreaming runne
And holding vp to heauen his hands and eyes
To this effect, vnto the Lord he cries.

Thou

Thou mighty God, which guides this mortall round,
That all hearts ſecrets ſees, and knowes my heart,
Witneſſe thou canſt, I came not to confound,
This goodly Cittie: or to worke their ſmart:
I was not author of their bloudie iarrs,
But offred peace, when they imbraced wars.

Theſe eighteene moneths, that I with warlike force,
Beſieged their Cittiy: (Lord thou knoweſt it well,)
My heart was full of mercy and remorce,
And they alwayes did ſtubbornely rebell:
Therfore good Lord, with their moſt hatefull rage,
And wondrous deeds do not my conſcience charge

My eyes doe ſee, my heart doth likewiſe pity,
The great calamitie that they are in,
Yet Lord, except thou wilt yeeld me the Cittie,
I'le raiſe my power, and not behold more ſinne:
For they with famine are become ſo wilde,
That hunger made a woman eate her childe.

When Noble *Titus* thus had made his moane,
All thoſe that from *Ieruſalem* did fly:
He did receaue to mercy every one,
And nouriſht famiſht men at poynt to dye:
But cruell *Schimion* that ſeditious *Iewe*,
And Proud *Iehocanan*, more miſchiefe ſtill did brew.

For albeit braue *Tytus* by his power,
And warlike Engines, brought vnto that plece,
Had layde their ſtrong walles, flat vpon the flower,
And done their Citty, wonderfull diſgrace.
Yet ſtubbornly they did reſiſt him ſtill,
ſuch place they gaue, to their ſeditious will.

Tytus ouerthrowing the walls of *Ieruſalem* enters the *Cyty and Temple with his power burning downe the ſiluer gate thereof, which led the way to the* Sanctum Sanctorū: *and ſetteh Souldiers to keepe it from further hurt.*

ABout that time with wonderous dilligence,
They raiſ'd a wall, in ſecret of the night,
Which then was found their Citties beſt defence,
For to withſtand the conquering *Romaines* might:
which once ract the Cetty needs muſt yeeld,
And *Iewes* giue place to *Romaines* ſword and ſhield,

Renowned *Tytus* well perceiuing this,
To his beſt proued Captaines, gaue a charge,
That new raiſ'd wall, the *Iewes* ſuppoſed blis,
Should ſcattered be, with breaches wide and large:
And hervpon, the troopes togither met,
And to the walles, their battering Engines ſet:

The

The feare of this, mademany a *Iewiſh* Lord,
That ioynde themſelues with the ſeditious traine,
To ſteale away, and all with one accord,
At *Tytus* feete, ſought mercie to obtaine:
Whoſe milde ſubmiſſion, he accepted then,
And gaue them honour, mong'ſt his noble men.

By this, the mellow wall was broke and ſcaled,
With fierce allarms, the holy towne was entred,
Romaines tooke courage, but the *Iewes* harts failed,
Thouſands loſt their liues, which for honour ventred:
Schimion, *Iehocanan*, all did flie for feare,
Iewes mournd, and *Romaines* triumpht euery where,

The faire Temple, Gods holy habitation,
The worlds *non pareli*, the heathens wonder,
Their Citties glory, their ioyes preſeruation,
To the Romaine power, muſt now come vnder:
There many *Iſralites* for liues defence,
Had lockt themſelues, & would not come from thence

The famous Citty being thus ſubdued,
The *Romaines* heads, with glad-ſõe baies wer crowned
For blesfull victory on their ſide enſued,
While on the *Ieuves* the worlds Creator frowned:
The Captaines of the foule ſeditious rout,
To hide their heades did ſeeke odd corners out,

The *Romaines* reſting in triumphant ſtate,
Vnto the holy Temple turned their courſe,
And finding ſhut the ſiluer ſhining gate,
They fir'd it, retayning no remorce:
And when the fiers flamde did ſore abound,
The melting ſiluer ſtreamd along the ground.

Their timber worke into pale aſhes turning,
Downe dropt the goodly gate vpon the flower,
What time the wrathfull *Romaines* went in running,
Shouting and crying with a mighty power:
The glory of which place, their bright ſight drew,
To take thereof a wondring greedy view.

Yet did that place but onely lead the way,
Vnto the holyeſt place, where once a yeare,
The high Prieſt went, vnto the Lord to pray,
The figure of whoſe glory, did there appeare:
Sanctum Sanctorum ſo that place was called,
Which *Tytus* wondring mind the moſt appalled.

Which holy holyeſt place, when *Tytus* ſawe,
Hauing a view but of the outward part,
So glorious was it that the ſight did draw,
A wounderous reuerence in his ſoule and heart:
And with all meekneſſe on his Princely knees,
He honors there the Maieſtie he ſees.

This

This place was cloſed in with goulden gates,
So beautifull and ſuper excellent,
That Princely *Tytus* and the *Romaine* ſtates,
Said ſure this is Gods houſe omnipotent:
And therefore *Tytus* who did loue and feare it,
Cõmanded ſtraightly, no man ſhould come nere it.

And through his Camp he madea proclamation,
That whoſoeuer did come neere the ſame,
He ſhould be hanged vp, without compaſſion,
Without reſpect of birth, deſert, or fame:
And more, a band of men he there ordained,
To keepe the Temple not to be prophaned.

The ſeditious ſet vpon the Romaine guard that kept the Temple, and ſodenly ſlew them: whereupon the Romaine *ſouldiers ſet fire on the golden gate of* Sanctum Sanctorum, *and ſpoyled the holy place with fire.* Titus *ſought to quench it but could not, for which he made great lamentation.*

WHile quiet thus the *Romaine* prince did ly,
Without miſtruſt of any bloudy broyle,
Proclaiming pardon, life and liberty,
To euey yeelding ſoule, in that faire ſoyle:
A crew of trayterous *Iewes*, of baſe condition,
Aſſayled the *Romaine* guard, without ſuſpition.

All *Tytus* gallant Souldiers which he ſet,
So carefully, the Temple gates to keepe,
Vpon a ſodaine, they againſt them get,
In dead of night, when moſt were ſalne a ſleepe:
And there without all ſtay, or further wordes,
Each man they murdered on their drawn ſwordes.

Not one eſcap'd their bloody butchering hands,
Which noble *Tytus* hearing, grieued ſore,
And thereon raiſ'd, his beſt prepared bandes,
Slaying thoſe *Iewes*, and many hundreds more.
And with ſuch fury, he purſu'd them ſtill,
That who eſcapt, fled vp to *Syon* hill,

But yet the *Romaines* full of hot reuenge,
For this vilde deede, by wicked *Iewes* committed,
Troopt to the Temple, with a mighty ſwinge:
And hauing all things for their purpoſe fitted:
Did in their rage, ſet on fiers flame,
Thoſe goodly goulden gates, of greateſt fame.

And as the flaming fier gather'd ſtrength,
Great ſpoyle was practiſ'd by the Romaine rout,
The melting gould that ſtreamed downe at length,
Did gild the marble pauement round about:
The gates thus burned with a hidious din,
Sanctum Sanctorum Romaines entred in:

Who

Who hauing hereby won their hearts deſier,
With mighty ſhootes they ſhewed ſignes of ioy,
While the holy place burnt with flaming fier,
Which did, earthes heauenly paradice deſtroy:
This woefull ſight when *Tytus* once did ſee,
He ſought to quench it: but it would not be.

For many wicked hands had buſie beene,
To worke that holy houſe all foule diſgraces,
Which *Tytus* would haue ſau'd as well was ſeene,
But it was fier'd in ſo many places:
That by no meanes the ſpoyle he could preuent,
Which thing he did moſt grieuouſly lament.

He ran about and cri'd with might and maine,
O ſtay your hands, and ſaue this houſe I charge yee,
Fetch water vp, and quench this fire againe,
Or you ſhall ſmart, before I doe enlarge yee,
Thus ſome he threatned, many he intreated:
Till he was hoarſe, with that he had repeated.

But when his voyce was gone with crying out,
He drew his ſword, and ſlew the diſobedient,
Till faint and weary, running round about,
He ſat him downe, as it was expedient:
And there twixt wrath and ſorrow he bewayled,
With froward Souldiers, he no more preuayled.

The

The Prieſts & *Iewes* that earſt themſelues had hidden
Within the compaſſe of that holy ground,
Againſt the Romaines fought: and had abidden,
For to defend it many a bleeding wound:
But when they ſaw, there was no way to fly,
They lept into the fier, and there did die.

So long they fought, vntill the parching fier,
Did burne the clothes, from their ſweating backes,
The more they fought, the more was their deſier,
For to revenge the Temples wofull wrackes:
They layd about, as long as they could ſtand;
Or moue a legge, or lift a feeble hand.

And all this while did noble *Tytus* mourne,
To ſee *Sanctorum* ſpoyled in ſuch ſort,
Layde on the ground, there did he toſſe and turne:
And ſmote at ſuch as did to him report,
The woefull ruine of that holy place,
And from his ſight, with frownes he did them chace

OF IERVSALEM.

Titus with great reverence, entred into the *Sanctum Sanctorum, and greatly wondred at the beautie thereof, affirming it to be the house of the God of heauen.*

THe cruell fire having wrought her worſt,
When that at length the fury thereof ceaſt,
Titus aroſe, all open and vntruſt,
Of many teares vnburdned and releaſt:
With head vncouered, mild and reuerently,
Into *Sanctorum* humbly entred he.

And ſeeing the glorie and magnificence,
The wondrous beautie of that ſacred place,
Which there appeared, for all the vehemence,
The flaming fier made, ſo long a ſpace:
Tytus did ſtand amazed at the ſight,
When he conſidered euery thing a right.

And therevpon into this ſpeech he broke,
How came I in this Paradice of pleaſure,
This Place Celeſtiall, may all ſoules Prouoke,
To ſcorne the world, and ſeeke no other treaſure:
Doe I from earth aſcend by eleuation?
Or ſee I heauen by divine revelation?

Vndoubtedly the mightie God dwelt here,
This was no mortall creatures habitation,
For earthly Monarkes, it was all to deere,
Fit for none, but him who is our ſoules ſaluation:
O earthly heauen or heauenly Saintes receauer,
Thy ſweete remembrance ſhall I keepe for euer.

Now well I wot, no maruell t'was indeed,
The *Iewes* ſo ſtoutly ſtood in fence of this:
O who could blame them, when they did proceed,
By all deuices to preſerue their blis:
Since firſt I ſaw the Sunne, I neuer knew,
What heauens ioyment, till I this place did view.

Nor did the *Gentiles*, without ſpeciall cauſe,
From fardeſt partes both of the Eaſt and Weſt,
Send heapes of gold by ſtraight commaund of lawes,
This ſacred place with glory to inueſt:
For rich and wounderous is this holy ſeat,
And in mans eye the Maieſty is great.

Far doth it paſſe the *Romaine* Temples all,
Yea all the Temples of the world likewiſe,
They ſeeme to this like to an Aſſes ſtall,
Or like a ſtie where ſwine ſtill grunting lies:
Great God of heauen, God of this glorious place,
Plague thou their ſoules that did thy houſe deface.

Tytus, thus wearied, gazing vp and downe,
Yet not ſatiſfied, with the Temples ſight,
Departed thence, to lodge within the towne:
Things out of frame, to ſet in order right,
Where while he ſtayd the ſtubborne harted *Iewes*,
Did there moſt wicked actions dayly vſe.

For when they ſaw that fier had ſo ſpoyled,
Sanctum Sanctorum in ſuch pitious ſort,
Their diuilliſh harts that ſtill with miſchiefe broyled,
The treaſure houſes all, they burnt in ſport,
And precious Iewells whereſoeuer they ſtood.
With all things elſe that ſhould doe *Romaines* good.

The reſt of the Temple, likewiſe did they burne,
In deſperàt manner, without all regard:
Which being wrought, away they did returne,
But many ſcapt not, without iuſt reward:
The *Romaine* Souldiers, quickly quencht the fier,
And in the Temple wrought their heartes deſire.

Where they ſet vp, their heathen Idolls all,
Their ſence-leſſe Images, of wood and ſtone,
And at their feete, all proſtrate did they fall,
Their offering ſacrifice to them alone:
In plaine deriſion of the conquered ſort,
Of whom the *Romaines* made a mocking ſport,

THE DESTRVCTION

A falſe Prophet aroſe among the *Iewes*, telling them *that the Temple ſhould againe be builded by it ſelfe, without the helpe of mans hand, willing therefore to deſtroy the* Romaines: *which they going about to doe, brought further ſorrow vpon themſelues.*

A Falſe and lying Prophet then aroſe,
Among the *Iewes*, at faire *Ieruſalem*,
Which then an abſurd fancie did diſcloſe,
Among them all, who thus incourag'd them:
Moſt valiant *Iewes* play you the men and fight,
And God will ſhew a wonder in your ſight.

Againſt the curſed Romaines turne againe,
And beate the boaſting heathen to the ground,
For God will ſhew vnto your ſights moſt plaine,
His mightie power: if you doe them confound,
The Temple by it ſelfe ſhall builded be,
Without mans hand or helpe, moſt gloriouſly.

That *Iacobs* God, thereby may ſhew his power,
To thoſe proude *Romaines*: which doe glory ſo,
In there one ſtrength: tryumphing euery hower,
In this our ſpoyle, and wofull ouerthrow:
Then fight O *Iewes*, the temple ſanz delay,
Shall by it ſelfe be builded vp this day.

The

The wilde ſeditious beleeuing this lye.
Did ſet a freſh vpon the *Romaine* band,
In ſuch fierce ſort, that many men did dye,
But yet the *Romaines* got the vpper hand:
Who in new wakened wrath, that late did ſleepe
Slew downe the *Iewes* like to a ſort of ſheepe.

Schimion and *Iehocanan* come to ſeeke peace with *Tytus, but refuſe to be in ſubiection to the* Romaines: *whereupon* Tytus *will ſhew them no fauour, but preſently aſſayled them with his power, whereupon* Schimion *and* Iehocanans *followers by ſome, and ſome forſake them, leauing them in diſtreſſe: who there-vpon hid them-ſelues in Caues.*

THen came falſe *Schimion* and *Iehocanan*,
Chiefe Captaines, to the ſeditious trayne,
With many followers, weapned euery man,
Requiring peace, if peace they could obtaine:
To whome Prince *Tytus* with his chiefeſt ſtate,
Did thus reply you ſeeke this thing to late.

How comes it now that yee intreate for life.
After ſo many miſcheiefes by you wrought,
When you haue ſlaine and murthered man and wife,
And thouſand thouſands to deſtruction brought:
Who then as faint as euer he could ſtand,
Came to ſubmit himſelfe, to *Tytus* hand.

How oft haue I intreated you to peace,
And offered mercie, without all deſert,
When you refuſing it, did ſtill increaſe,
Your trayterous dealings, your chiefeſt ſmart:
It pitied me to ſee your woefull caſe,
With your innumerable men dead in each place.

How can I pardon theſe outragious acts,
Your many murders and falſe ſedition,
With diuers other abhominable facts,
For which I ſee in you, no hearts contrition:
You ſeeke for peace, yet armed do you ſtand,
You craue for pardon, with your ſwords in hand.

Firſt lay a ſide your ſwords and weapons all,
And in ſubmiſſiue manner ask for grace,
So ſhall you ſee what fauour may befall,
Perhaps I may take pitty on your caſe:
And graciouſly withall your faults ſuſpence,
And giue you pardon, ere you goe from hence.

With bended browes proud *Schimion* then did looke,
On gentle *Tytus*: *Iehoçanan* likewiſe,
In ſcornfull manner all his ſpeeches tooke,
And both of them diſdainefully replies: (they
By heauens great God, we both haue ſworne quoth
To make no ſeruile peace with thee this day.

For neuer ſhall earths miſery prouoke,
Our vndaunted heartes to ſtoope vnto thy will,
Or bend our neckes vnto the *Romaine* yoake,
While vital breath our inward parts doth fill:
Then vnto vs this fauour doe expreſſe,
To let vs part and liue in wilderneſſe.

At this contempt was *Tytus* greatly moued,
And doth your pride continue yet quoth he?
Will not your impudency be yet reproued?
Nor yet your ſtubborne heartes yet humbeld be?
And dare you ſay that you will ſweare and vow,
That to the *Romaine* yoke you will not bow,

At this his wrath was wounderous ſore inflamed,
Who herevpon gaue ſtraight commandement,
By ſtrength of ſword to haue thoſe rebels tamed,
On whom the *Romaines* ſet incontinent:
Who chac'd the Iewes and ſcattered them ſo ſore,
That they were found to gather head no more.

For

For ſecretly the Iewes from *Schimion* fled,
By ſome and ſome they all forſooke him quite,
With falſe *Iehocanan* which ſo miſled,
And forct thē gainſt them ſelues to murderous fight:
Who leauing them, to noble *Tytus* came,
Deſiring grace, who graunted them the ſame.

Iehocanan and *Schimion* ſeeing this,
They were forſaken, and lett poſt alone,
In their diſtreſſe lamented their amiſſe,
Cloſſe hid in caues, they lay and made their mone:
Where they remained perplext with famine great,
Till they were ready, their owne fleſh to eate.

Iehocanan inforced by hunger comes out of his caue & *ſubmits him-ſelfe to* Tytus, *who cauſed him to be hanged.*

AT length out of a deepe darke hollow caue,
With bitter hunger *Iehocanan* was driuen,
Like to a Ghoſt new riſen from his graue,
Or like Anotamy of all fleſh beryuen:
Who then as faint as euer he could ſtand,
Came to ſubmit himſelfe, to *Tytus* hand.

Into this Princely preſence when he came,
With all ſubmiſſion fell he at his feete,
Saying, O King of moſt renouned fame,
Here am I come as it is right and meete:
To yeeld my ſelfe into thy Princely hand,
Whoſe life doth reſt, vpon thy great command,

My diſobedience, doe I ſore repent,
That euer I, refuſ'd thy offered grace,
Bewayling my lewd life, ſo badly bent,
And my foule actions, gainſt this holy place:
Yet with thy mercy ſhadow my amiſſe,
And let me taſt what thy compaſſion is,

Not from my ſelfe, did all my ſinne proceede,
Though I confeſſe, my faults were too too many,
But was prouokt to many a bloody deede,
By him that yet was neuer good to any:
Blood-thirſty *Schimeon*, led me to all euill,
Who doth in malice, far exceed the Diuell.

Too long alaſſe, he ouer-ruld my will,
And made me actor, of a thouſand woes,
What I refuſ'd his outrage did fulfill,
And his deuiſe, did make my friends my foes:
Then worthy Victor, mittigate my blame,
And let thy glory, ouer-ſpread my ſhame.

No more quoth *Tytus*, ſtay thy traiterous tounge,
Infect vs not with thy impoyſoned breath,
Ile doe thee right that haſt done many wrong,
Thy end of ſorrow, ſhall begin thy death:
And by thy death, ſhall life ariſe to ſuch,
To whom thou thoughtſt, a minutes life too much.

With that he wild his Captaines take him thence,
When he with yron chaines was fettered faſt,
And afterward (meete meed for his offence)
Through all the Campe they led him at the laſt,
That he of them, might mock and ſcorned be,
And then in chaines they hangd him one a tree.

This was the end of proud *Iehocanan*,
That in *Ieruſalem* did ſuch harme,
And this likewiſe was that accurſed man,
That in his malice with a fierce alarme.
Burnd all the Victuals laide in by the Peeres,
That was inough to ſerue them twenty yeeres.

Which was the cauſe, that in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
So great a famine fell within the towne:
Yea this was he burnt, King *Agrippaes* place,
And in the temple ſlew ſo many downe:
But not long after he was gone and dead,
Out of his den did *Schimion* ſhew his head.

SCHI-

SCHIMION in like ſort being driuen with hunger out of his den, apparelling himſelfe in princely attire, deſired to be brought before Titus, *ſuppoſing he would haue ſaued his life: but he commanded his head to be ſtricken off, and his body to be cut in peces and caſt to the dogges.*

WHo ſtaring vp and down with feareful lookes,
Leaſt any one were nigh to apprehend him,
Like to a Panther doubting hidden hookes,
That any way might lye for to offend him:
Driuen out with famine, hungry at the hart,
He ſought for ſuccour of his earned ſmart.

And hauing dreſt himſelfe in Kingly tire,
In richeſt manner that he could deuiſe,
That men at him mīght wonder: and deſire,
To know what Monarke did from earth ariſe,
Farre off he walked as it were in boaſt,
And ſhewd himſelfe vnto the Romaine hoaſt.

For his great heart could not abid to yeeld,
Though gnawing hunger vext his very ſoule:
Thus faintly walkt he vp and downe the field
With lofty thoughts: with famine did controule,
Suppoſing firmely, though he liu'd in hate,
He ſhould finde fauour, for his high eſtate:

For though (quoth he) I did the *Romaines* wrong,
Yet in my deeds, I ſhewed Princely courage,
Bearing a heart, that did to honour throng,
And therevpon their Campe ſo oft did forage,
To haughty acts all Princes honour owes,
For they muſt thinke that war hath made vs foes.

Conſidering this, Prince *Tytus* may be proude,
To ſuch an enemie he may fauour ſhew,
And herein may his action be allowd,
That magnanimitie he will nouriſh ſo:
And by his mercie make a friend of him,
That in his warres ſo great a foe hath beene.

Which in this honour, hee himſelfe did flatter,
Of him the *Romaines*, had a perfect ſight,
And round about him, they themſelues did ſcatter,
Yet were afraid, to come within his might:
And that they fear'd this was the onely reaſon,
They knew his craft, and doubted hidden treaſon.

But *Schimion* ſeeing, that they ſhund him ſo,
He cald vnto them in couragious wiſe,
Maieſtically walking to and fro,
And in this ſort, his ſpeech to them applies:
If any gallant Captaine with you be,
Let him approch, and talke one word with me.

With that ſtept out a braue couragious Knight,
With weapons well prouided euery way,
A noble *Romaine* of great ſtrength and might,
Who with his weapon drawne theſe words did ſay
Tell me, who art thou that in ſuch attire,
Walkes in this place, and what is thy deſire?

I am (quoth he) vndaunted *Schimeon*,
The wrathfull Captaine of ſeditious *Iewes*,
That ſlew the *Romaines*, in their greateſt throng,
The deed whereof I come not to excuſe:
Nor doe I paſſe what you can ſay thereto,
I am the man made you ſo much a doe.

Yet let me thus much fauour craue of thee,
As to conduct me to great *Tytus* ſight,
Thy noble friend: but enemie to me,
Yet doubt I not, but he will doe me right:
Bring me to him, what chaunce ſo ere I finde,
That he may heare, and I may ſhew my mind.

The *Romaine* Captaine his requeſt fulfild,
To *Tytus* royall preſence was he brought,
Whoſe hatefull perſon, when the Prince beheld,
He did refuſe to heare him ſpeake in ought,
Away with him he ſayd, let him be bound,
For of all woe this villaine was the ground.

And like a Captiue firſt let him be led,
About the Camp to ſuffer ſcoffes and ſcornes,
And after that ſtrike of his hatefull head,
The manſion houſe of miſchiefes pricking thornes:
And let his carcaſe be in peeces torne,
And every gobbet vnto dogges be throwne.

What *Titus* charg'd was put in execution,
And in this ſort was *Schimions* hatefull end,
Who went to death with wonderous reſolution,
Not like a man, but like an helliſh fiend:
Thus *Titus* conquer'd that moſt pretious Iem,
The beautious Citie faire *Ieruſalem*.

The number of thoſe that had bin ſlaine at the ſiege of *Ieruſalem*, and the number of the Priſoners that Titus caried with him to Rome.

THE perfect number of the people there,
The which with hunger & with ſword was ſlaine
A leauen hundred thouſand did appeare,
As bookes of records did declare it plaine:
Beſide all ſuch as did vnburied lye,
And diuers moe that did in fier dye.

And when to *Rome* the Conquerer went his way,
The number of his priſoners were full great,
Full ſixteene thouſand men that inſtant day,
Were carried captiue to the *Romaine* ſeate:
Among the reſt the man that wrot this ſtory,
Who by his wiſedome purchaſt endleſſe glory.

Thus Chriſts propheſie truely came to paſſe,
Which Forty yeares before he had expreſſed,
But with the *Iewes* of ſmall account it was,
Till they did finde themſelues ſo ſore diſtreſſed:
He ſoght their life, his death they wrought with ſpite.
Wiſhing his blood on them and theirs to light.

The which according to their owne requeſt,
The Lord in wrath did perfectly fulfil,
There channels ran with blood and did not reſt,
Their blood was ſpilt, that *Ieſus* blood did ſpill:
God grant we may our hatefull ſins forſake,
And by the *Iewes* a Chriſtian warning take.

FINIS.